

32 ILLUMINATION:

OR, THE
GLAZIERS' CONSPIRACY.

A

P R E L U D E.

AS IT IS PERFORMED, WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE,

AT THE
T H E A T R E - R O Y A L,

I N

C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

BY F. PILON.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLEY, AT No. 46, IN
FLEET STREET.

MDCCLXXIX.

Entered at Stationers-hall.

МОИ ТАИМУРЫ

СИТУАЦИЯ

СЛАВЕСНОЕ ПОДИУМ

СИТУАЦИЯ

СИТУАЦИЯ ПОДИУМ



СИТУАЦИЯ ПОДИУМ

СИТУАЦИЯ ПОДИУМ

СИТУАЦИЯ

СИТУАЦИЯ ПОДИУМ

СИТУАЦИЯ

СИТУАЦИЯ

СИТУАЦИЯ ПОДИУМ

ADVERTISEMENT.

ADVERTISEM E N T.

THE Author of the following

trifle is as fully satisfied of the

small claim it has to public atten-

tion, as the best *critical anatomist*

in town could make him—but as

the country managers procure copies

of every piece play'd with success

in London, that is not published,

he is unwilling to have the number

of his faults increased through the

blunders and inaccuracies of an ig-

norant

ii ADVERTISEMENT.

norant short-hand writer. He therefore presents his little offspring to the reader as it came into the world; for though a *parent* may find no great beauty in a child, few, I fancy, are so *unnatural* as so stand by and see one knocked o'the head, or get a broken limb, without making some effort to prevent the accident.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Skylight</i> , a master glazier,	Mr. LEE LEWES.
<i>Dip</i> , a tallow chandler,	Mr. WILSON.
<i>Quillet</i> , an attorney's clerk,	Mr. BRUNSDON.
<i>Parchment.</i>	Mr. THOMPSON.
<i>Mob</i> , &c.	

W O M E N.

Mrs. <i>Skylight</i> ,	Mrs. PITT.
Miss <i>Skylight</i> ,	Miss GREEN,

ИКОНОГРАФИЧЕСКАЯ

N. J. M.

Mr. T. W. B. Morris	Mr. T. W. B. Morris	Mr. T. W. B. Morris
Mr. T. W. B. Morris	Mr. T. W. B. Morris	Mr. T. W. B. Morris
Mr. T. W. B. Morris	Mr. T. W. B. Morris	Mr. T. W. B. Morris
Mr. T. W. B. Morris	Mr. T. W. B. Morris	Mr. T. W. B. Morris
Mr. T. W. B. Morris	Mr. T. W. B. Morris	Mr. T. W. B. Morris

W. M. O. W.

Miss Pitt
Miss Greville
Miss Shelly
Miss Mayhew

ILLUMINATION.

2014-01-21 21:23

SCENE an Apartment in SKYLIGHT'S

*Mrs. SKYLIGHT, Miss SKYLIGHT, and
Mr. SKYLIGHT discovered at Tea.*

MRS. SKYLIGHT.

SOPHIA, my dear, how do you like this tea?

S K Y L I G H T.

Sophia! sounds! can't you call her plain Sue,
as she was christened?

8

MRS.

ILLUMINATION.

MRS. SKYLIGHT.

I see, Mr. Skylight, you will never get rid of your vulgar ideras, notwithstanding all the pains I take with you.

SKYLIGHT.

But what right have you to give your daughter a higher name than plain Kate, Bridget, or Susan? Are'nt these, think you, good enough for a tradesman's wife, as she must be? If you don't keep a tighter rein with that girl Bridget, she'll resemble her betters in more respects than her name: ay, and if ever she gets a husband, will put him in the fashion as well as herself, or I'm out in my calculation.

MRS. SKYLIGHT.

Why, my dear, wasn't she baptiz'd Susannah Sophia Serina?

SKYLIGHT.

Much against my will. She was call'd Susannah after her grandmother; and damme, if I was a bishop, but I'd pluck the blockhead's

sock

ILLUMINATION. 3

sock over his ears who tack'd the other two heathenish, nonsensical additions to it—But don't sit chatting nonsense all night over that flop—
go to the shop, and see the customers ar'n't neglected—I expect a few panes knockt out in the beginning of the evening, and people don't care to let 'em stand all night without mending.

MRS. SKYLIGHT.

You may look after the customers yourself; Sophy and I are engag'd this evening.

SKYLIGHT.

Why, sure, you hav'nt the impudence to leave the house of an illumination night? and the last I expect too, till we have news from the West Indies.

SUSANNAH.

Indeed, indeed, papa, we are engag'd to a coach-party, to drive through all the streets, and see the windows; indeed we are, and can't polsitivey be off, if we would maintain any thing like character.

SKYLIGHT.

What, and have that haycock upon your head set fire to by squibs and crackers? I tell you what, Mrs. Prate-most, you're in the high road to lose all characters; as for your part, Bridget, damn me! but I believe romances, hard-words and quality airs, have turn'd your head; you encourage your daughter to fly in her father's face.

MRS. SKYLIGHT.

Take no notice of him, my dear; I asked you how you liked this tea?

SKYLIGHT.

Is this to be borne, now, in a man's own house?

SUSANNAH.

I like it prodigiously, mama—it is Hoisan, to be sure.

MRS. SKYLIGHT.

It is real Gunpowder, child—I had it of Mr. Bamboo, of the Sea-horse.

SKY-

SKYLIGHT.

I wish, from the bottom of my soul, you were both in the Sea-horse, half way to the East Indies.

THE DOLLYS

MRS. SKYLIGHT.

You saw Billy Quillet himself, then?

SKYLIGHT.

Here's a fellow too! tho' I forbad him my house, he will have my daughter in spight of me—But madam, madam—I ask you once more, will you go to the shop?

MRS. SKYLIGHT.

Take no notice of him—So then you saw Billy himself?

SKYLIGHT.

Will you go to the shop?—will you go to the shop?

[With great vehemence.

MRS.

MRS. SKYLIGHT.

As sure as can be the man's non Pompey's
prentice, as Billey Quillet says.

SKYLIGHT.

Damn me! I wish you were prentice for life
to any man in the kingdom, so I cou'd get quit
of your indentures.

MRS. SKYLIGHT.

Come, Sophy, we'll leave him to recover from
his tantrums—[going.] You see, child, what you
have to expect, if you marry a man who has
no idea of the softer commotions, and whose
heart is more indurate than the glass which he
glazes.

[*Exeunt Sophy and Mrs. Skylight.*

SKYLIGHT.

So, off they go, to that puppy Quillet, the
lawyer's clerk, and Abraham Skylight has seen
the last of them 'till to-morrow morning. [Sits
down in a melancholy posture.] Why did I marry?
Was it not as clear as plate-glass, that a prudent
glazier cou'd never live in peace with a woman of

ILLUMINATION. 7

her confounded extravagant turbulent spirit? Is there one part of her marriage vow she has not broken? Yes, let me do her justice; her chastity; that I look upon to be a whole pane yet; and I fancy, while her present head continues upon her shoulders, it is a pane few will think worth smashing.

Enter D I P.

D I P.

What in the dumps, friend Skylight?

S K Y L I G H T.

I have been thinking, Dip, what windows will be broke, 'twixt this and five to-morrow morning.

D I P.

Ay, always an eye to business, but what was done last night?—Any great strokes struck?

S K Y L I G H T.

Great strokes? I and my apprentices struck in half the windows about Soho Square. But how was your demand for candles to-day?

DIP.

D I P.

Prodigious!—prodigious!—I sold fifteen boxes between four o'clock and seven; but Lud-Hill is a mint of customers to me;—you know Doctor Solidskull the apothecary, he has set that whole quarter in an blaze.

SKYLIGHT.

Oh! that's a fine fellow for our trade; he's a magazine of patriotism; all I am afraid of, is, that as he has so much combustible stuff about him, he'll blow up one of these days, to the great loss of chandlers and glaziers. Did you take a survey of the different streets last night?

D I P.

The greater part of them, from the Cat and Gridiron at Ratcliffe Highway, to the Highlander and Bag-pipe at Tyburn turnpike.

SKYLIGHT.

How was the City?

DIP.

ILLUMINATION. 9

D I P.

A bonfire, from Temple Bar to the Minories.

SKYLIGHT.

How was the Strand?

D I P.

For all the world like a bundle of matches lighted; a blaze all above, and brimstone all below.

SKYLIGHT.

How was Bow-street?

D I P.

I can't tell, for there was a file of musketeers at both ends of it: but what was doing about White Hall? I know nothing of what pass'd there.

SKYLIGHT.

Then you saw nothing.—Oh! my friend, how shall I relate the ever memorable action of

C

Charing-

10 ILLUMINATION.

Charing-Cross and the investiture, storming, and reduction of the Admiralty.

D I P.

Let me hear it, let me hear it.

S K Y L I G H T.

About eleven, I fallied out at the head of two and thirty glaziers, all choice hands as ever put in or knockt out a pane of glafs.

D I P.

Then you did'nt meet my journeymen?

S K Y L I G H T.

Oh ! yes, I might have been reinforced by four chandlers at Northumberland House, but I found 'em so well posted, and doing so much execution, that I thought it a pity to disturb them.

D I P.

You were right not to take them from their work ; it was a box of candles in my pocket this morning. Was the statue illuminated ?

SKY-

SKYLIGHT.

and

The first night,—but a confounded Whig
early wind blew the candles out, so the de-
sign was dropt—but to the siege—from Chas-
ing Cross, to Downing-street, the mob stow'd as
eas as a barrel of Colchester oysters. But all
the lads under my command were trained to
service last war, when I believe I need not
ever tell you what work our admirals and generals
put out for us in the illumination way.

D I P.

If we cou'd have persuaded people to put up
candles as often as they ought, we shou'd have
no great reason to complain this war; for
our fleet did not as it generally does, prove
extinguisher, it turned out for our trade a
complete *safe-all*—but on with the siege.

SKYLIGHT.

Well, Sir, through the crowd they darted,
with the nimbleness of pickpockets, and gave

KY-

such vigour to the assault on the great gate that they were off the hinges in the glazing a garret window.—Down they thundered the mob—and Oh! my friend did sue busines!—in ten minuits there was not a window frame left standing. The ground, Sir, was covered with broken glass, and by the reflection of the lamps look'd like the sky of a frosty night, thick set with stars as a cake with plum at Christmas—over the ruins I walked with the triumph of a general a-cross the field of battle after a victory.—Zounds what a sight was for a glazier!

D I P.

'Twas a glorious night,—but how were you off for ammunition?

SKYLIGHT.

We crammed our pockets at Kensington Gravel Pits, for you must know I was afraid to trust to the Scotch pavement. But did you hear of any accident in the course of the night?

D I P.

Why yes, a short-fighted gentleman was nigh having his eyes burnt out passing the General Advertiser because he didn't illuminate his spectacles—and a coach full of ladies had like to have been burnt down to the ground opposite the London Tavern, owing to a squib which was thrown into one of the women's heads, and raised such a conflagration in a few seconds amongst the wool, gauze, pomatum, and false hair she had on, that there was a hole burnt through the top of the coach before the flames could be got under.

Enter D I C K.

D I C K.

Lord, Sir, you'll lose all the fun if you don't go out.

S K Y L I G H T.

What you rascal, have you left the shop and not a journeyman in the house but yourself?

D I C K.

D I C K.

Why, Sir, there's not another gentleman of the trade will suffer one of his men to finger a piece of putty till to-morrow morning—besides, if you let me go out I'll engage to make work for myself before I come home.

S K Y L I G H T.

Get in, firrah! and be ready to attend, if a customer should call.

[Exit Dick.]

D I P.

Don't you hear a shout? Something's going forward—Come, let us patrol the streets, and see what our troops have done, then we'll finish the night at *Ashley's* Punch House, where we may *smoak Rowley* and get drunk *pro bono publico.*

[Exeunt.]

[Enter

Enter Mrs. SKYLIGHT, SUSSANAH, and
QUILLET.

The coast, I see, is clear—so we may be off
 as soon as we please—but first tell me what your
 mock press gang is made up of ?

QUILLET.

All limbs of the law, like your humble servant—their valiant commander is clerk to Title Deed the great conveyancer—a pretty, smart, tight, little fellow—just such another as I am—sports his figure every Sunday at the Dog and Duck—you may twig him under the organ with his head frizzed like a Porcupine and gridiron buckles.

MRS. SKYLIGHT.

Oh, gemmini! I doat upon gridiron buckles—
 why don't you wear them, Billy?

QUIL-

QUILLET.

I will, my love, when the days grow colder—but gridiron buckles are broiling wear in warm weather.—My dear Mrs. Skylight, a word in your ear, as we say in our office, Mr. Skylight—how is he as to temperance?—does he drink of an afternoon?

M R S . S K Y L I G H T .

Oh ! heavens ! like a fish—if he's sober now it's a wonder, I never knew him sober of an illumination night since I was married to him.

Truly I am very proud to hear this—for you must know I have no great dependence on the courage of my press-gang ; but, Lord, what's to be expected from an army of Quills and parchment ? Poor lads ! not one of them ever fought a battle in his life, except with hard

ILLUMINATION. 17

words, and law Latin, in old acts of parliament.

MRS. SKYLIGHT.

Now, Billy, if I understand this plot rightly, you are to come up when Mr. Skylight is pressed, as it were on *Sousong* and reconstitute the affair with the gang.

SUSANNAH.

Yes, to be sure he is, mama; and then my papa will be so thankful, when my dear Billy gets him out of the hands of the press-gang, that I'm sure he'll consent to our wedding.

QUILLETT.

You have hit my plot, my angel, to the finest hair stroke in a marriage settlement.

SUSANNAH.

Oh, gemmini! my heart beats so with pleasure, that—Do, Billy, put your hand to it, for fear it should jump out of my bosom into yours.

D

MRS.

MRS. SKYLIGHT.

Come, come, I'll have no beating of hearts, or jumping into bosoms, truly ; for as Friar Florence says, in Romer and Julit, " by your leaves, you shall be alone, till Holy Church immortuate two in one."

[Going between them.

[Exeunt.

SCENE, the Street. An Illumination, Guns firing, Mob shouting, Marrow Bones and Cleavers chiming.

FIRST MOB.

Did you draw in the carriage yesterday ?

SECOND MOB.

By my soul, you may say that I did—I was the right hand horse, fastened without harness, to the left side of it.

THIRD MOB.

Now, why, do you see me, neighbours, shou'd we draw this here carriage, when there are beasties enough to do it for us ?

ILLUMINATION. 19

FIRST MOB.

Because, you fool, there's going to be a tax upon horses.

SECOND MOB.

By my soul I'm satisfied, provided there's no tax upon legs.

THIRD MOB.

If legs were taxed by their size, you have more to pay for your calves, Paddy, than your head and shoulders are worth.

SECOND MOB.

Arrah ! don't you bother your head about my calves,—they'll always enable me to take a ride when I'm not able to pay for a horse, by land or by sea.

[A press gang's whiffler beard.]

A L L.

A press-gang! a press-gang! away, damn me! or we shall be nabb'd.

[*Exeunt, running.*

Enter at one door, PARCHMENT with his gang, at the other DIP and SKYLIGHT, drunk.

P A R C H M E N T.

Here come the heroes of the night—Stand back a little and watch them.

S K Y L I G H T.

Huzza! Old England and liberty for ever.

D I P.

I say liberty—for what, do you see me, wou'd Old England be without liberty?

S K Y-

ILLUMINATION. 21

SKYLIGHT.

And what wou'd our trade be without liberty?

DIP.

Without liberty to break windows, 'tis most certain glazing wou'd soon go to pot.

PARCHMENT.

Come, boys, advance—holloa! who goes there? Stand I say.

SKYLIGHT.

Stand! why suppose we can't stand, what's to be done in that case?

PARCHMENT.

Come come, Sir, I fancy you don't know what company you are in.

DIP.

22 ILLUMINATION.

D I P.

If we may judge of our company by their breeding, we have got into damn'd bad company I think—but do you know who we are Sir? Do you know that I am Ezekel Dip the Chandler, and that this is Abraham Skylight the Glazier; two as respectable—I say respectable, honest sober tradesmen, as any in the parish of—in the parish of—damn me! I have forgot the name of my own parish.

S K Y L I G H T.

That's because you never were a church-warden—if you were, the poor-rate wou'd make you remember it.

P A R C H M E N T.

Bring them away this moment—for you see they are both drunk.

S K Y.

S K Y L I G H T.

Damn me! I'll lay you a crown we're not drunk, and I say done first. [*Pulls money from his pocket.*] Come, post your coal, my kiddy.

P A R C H M E N T.

Bring them away, I say; if they resist, hand cuff them.

[*Attempts to drag them off.*

D I P *and* S K Y L I G H T.

Hoa! watch, watch—is this usage for sober citizens? Hoa! watch! watch!

Enter Q U I L L E T.

Q U I L L E T.

Why, sure, it is not possible!—What Mr. Skylight in the hands of a press-gang?

S K Y-

S K Y L I G H T.

The very man himself—Old Abe Skylight,
of St. Martin's in the Fields—as well known
there as Bow bell in Cheapside, tho' I can't say
I has made quite so much noise in the pa-
rish.

Q U I L L E T.

Dear Sir, don't you know me?

S K Y L I G H T.

Not I, as I'm a Christian and a glazier.

Q U I L L E T.

What, not know Billy Quillet, the lawyer?

S K Y L I G H T.

Damme, Sir, I hate the law.

Q U I L L E T.

Sir!

S K Y-

SKYLIGHT.

No, no, that's not my meaning—I love the law, but I hate a lawyer. The law is a dev'lish good thing, if it wasn't spoilt by you confounded rogues the lawyers.

QUILLETT.

Sir, I overlook every thing you say to me in your present condition.

SKYLIGHT.

Sir, I wish you'd overlook yourself about your busineſſ.—I am in as much dread of a lawyer as a mouse of a large tabby—a man in the clutches of a lawyer, is like a sheep in a thicket—he never gets clear, without leaving the best of his wool amongst the brambles.

QUILLETT.

I'll speak to the gentleman for you, Sir, notwithstanding your ill-treatment.

Enter Mrs. SKYLIGHT and SUSANNAH.

M R S . S K Y L I G H T .

Where is he—where is this villain? What,
in the hands of a press-gang, at last?

S U S A N N A H .

Oh! Mr. Quillet, you're a lawyer, can't you
get my poor papa his liberty?

M R S . S K Y L I G H T .

Don't attempt it, Mr. Quillet—let the drunken
sot go on board a man of war, it's the fit-
test place for him.

S K Y L I G H T .

With your leave, my dear, I should beg to
be excused this voyage—disagreeable as home

and

nd you are to me, I should prefer you both,
with all your unpleasant circumstances, to cruiz-

H.

QUILLETT.

I'll tell you what, Sir, [To Parchment.] the
whole neighbourhood is now alarmed—I am
known here, therefore be assured, if you
do not set these gentlemen at liberty immediate-
ly, I'll take such measures as will make you
regret your conduct as long as you have to

you

MRS. SKYLIGHT.

Lord ! Mr. Quillet, why will you trouble
our head so much about him ?

nk-
fit-

SKYLIGHT.

Perhaps he may not repent it, [aside.] for I
begin to sober a little, I think ; but that's no won-
der—I have got a wife wou'd sober any man in
England.

PARCHMENT.

Sir, if you'll answer for their not being vagabonds,—I'm satisfied.—They shall have their liberties.

MRS. SKYLIGHT.

But, dear Sir,—Had not you better keep them in custody till to-morrow morning?—I shou'd be sorry you were to suffer by your good nature.

SKYLIGHT.

If he does, love, that's more than ever you will.—But, Sir, I am obliged to you for my freedom and if I have offended you, hope you will attribute my behaviour to the state you found me in.

MRS. SKYLIGHT.

Why, Abraham, you have got your senses again.

SKY

THE MEDIUM.
SKYLIGHT.

Yes—my dear—tenderness, and affection like yours, would restore any husband to his senses.—I am heartily obliged to you, Mr. Quillet, for the pains you have taken on my account—From this hour you and I are friends—But as a hostage of my faith—here is my daughter.

MRS. SKYLIGHT.

Now you have acted like a man of sense, for once in your life, as you have done just what your wife wou'd have you.—But where is your drunken companion?—Mr. Dip, are you alive yet?

D I P.

Ask me to-morrow morning—At present I'm planet struck.

QUILLETT.

Now my dear Sophia.

[Interrupting him.]

I

SKY-

SKYLIGHT.

Susan, I insist upon it.

MRS. SKYLIGHT.

I say Sophia.

SKYLIGHT.

Susan I am determin'd shall be her name, if ever you hope to touch a shilling of her fortune.

QUILLETT.

Susan, Sir, shall be her name, and I hope you will find, by my compliance to your wishes on every other occasion, that I wish at least to win your favour.

SKYLIGHT.

Win my favour, Sir ! Win the favour of this circle, and I shall never tax you on the score of disobedience.

EPILOGUE.

E. P. I. L. O. G. U. E.

D I P, recovering.

What! the press-gang gone? Then I'll home
to-bed,

I think I'm sober—Skylight, how's your head?

[*Seeing Mrs. Skylight.*
How is his head, and Mrs. Skylight there!

How burns a candle in a foul damp air?

S K Y L I G H T.

We have done great business, neighbour Dip,
to-night,

D. I. P.

Yes, like our betters, we've brought things to
light;

But, still my conscience tells me, all's not right.

S K Y L I G H T.

Your conscience! come, come, friend, of that
no more,

Your conscience wanted glazing long before;
That is a window-trade so often smashes,
We *nail it up*, to save the charge of fashes.

D. I. P.

Where Piccadilly joins St. James's Street,
And Kewbridge coach and Richmond stages meet,

A fine

32 E P I L O G U E.

A fine dress'd beau, who saw the pains I took,
Gave me his hand, crying, Well done, my buck!

Lord, Sir ! said I, I think it only right,
That these here people should put up some light,
And who do you think it was, come, guess now ?

S K Y L I G H T.

Nay, I can't tell, pr'ythee, how should I know ?

D I P.

A flaming patriot, who, I'm told, can speak,
Ay, *without end*, for one entire week ;
Who says we are ruin'd East, North, and South,
Unless he gets a place to stop his mouth.

S K Y L I G H T.

Ne'er mind, patriots, man ; they are *bought and sold*,

The fleet, and army, "are our staple hold :
Before the summer's done, if Monseer fights,
We'll have some bonfires, and some roaring nights,
Without rejoicing, not a week will pass,
How you'll sell candles—

D I P.

Oh ! how you'll sell glafs.

S K Y L I G H T.

Glaziers and chandlers, throughout the nation,
Will make their fortunes by *Illumination*.

Exeunt omnes.

end A

T H E E N D.